

# The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN  
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## SYNOPSIS

Chip McGuire, a 16-year old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Boudou, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Fribble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Fribble. Journey of Fribble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Fribble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Fribble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They set down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Boudou and escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Boudou escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amy and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenville, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about the cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Boudou finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

How welcome he was, and how all, even Amzi, of those winter-bound prisoners vied with each other in making him the guest of honor, need not be asserted. He had been a part of their life here the previous summer, with all its joys and dangers, and now seemed one of them.

When mutual experiences and their winter's history had been exchanged, of course Chip's rescue, the half-breed's escape, and the whereabouts of her father came up for discussion that evening.

"I've heard from Tim's Place two or three times this winter," said Levi. "An' neither Pete nor old McGuire has been seen or heard on since early last fall. Pete got that all safe, but vowed revenge on McGuire, as Martin and I found, when we went out. He stayed round a week or so, I heard later, and then started for his cabin on the Fox Hole, 'n' since then hasn't been seen or heard of by nobody. Tim an' Mike went over to his cabin long in the winter, but no signs of him was found, or even of his bein' there since snow came. McGuire also seems to hev dropped out o' business and ain't been heard on since in the summer. We've expected him all winter at the lumber camp, but he didn't show up."

"We've seen him," put in Old Cy, flashing a smile at Ray, "leastwise I called 'twas him, though I never let on to that effect. He was trappin' over beyond a big swamp last fall, 'n' he paid us a visit, stole a half-dozen o' our catches 'n' left his trade-mark on our canoe." And then Old Cy told the story of their adventure, omitting, however, any reference to the supposed cave.

"It's curis what has become o' him," Levi said, when the tale was told, "and our camp crowd all believe that that's been foul play, with Pete at the bottom o' it. Nobody's shed any tears, though, an' I'm thinkin' the woods is well rid o' him. He's been a terror to everybody long enough."

Much more of this backwoods gossip and change of experience filled in the evening, and next morning Old Cy gave Ray a word of caution.

"I kept whist 'bout our findin' what we calated was a cave," he said, "an' I want you to. This matter o' McGuire and the half-breed ain't blowed over yet, an' we don't want to git mixed up in it. Ez fer the cave, if we lowed we found one, the folks at Tim's Place 'ud go huntin' fer it, sure, 'n' I've my reasons for not wantin' they should go. So mum's the word to Levi 'bout it."

Levi's arrival, however, changed their plans, for he at once offered to convey Ray out of the woods, thus relieving Old Cy, and three days later these two, with well-laden canoes, started on the out-going journey.

It was not without incident, for when the main stream was reached, it was dotted with floating logs and the red-shirted drivers with the bateaux and spike shoes were in evidence. A monster jam was met at the first rapid, the bags of gum nuts, bundles of firs, and canoes had to be carried around it, and when Tim's Place was reached, a score of the good-natured woodsmen were in possession.

Levi discreetly avoided all questions as to what Tim knew of Chip, her father, or the half-breed. Ray's lips were also sealed, and so both escaped much questioning. Here, also, they learned what both had guessed—that McGuire and Pete had either left the wilderness or had perished that winter. Where and how, if such was the case, no one seemed to know or care, and a close observer would have said that every one at Tim's Place hoped that these two outlaws had met their fate.

Old Tomah was also found at Tim's Place, and he was undoubtedly glad to see both Ray and Levi, and to learn that Chip was likely to be well cared for.

When these two voyagers were ready to start, he joined and kept with them until the settlement was reached. Knowing full well the value of gum and furs, he soon found a purchaser for Ray's store and stock at its full value; and when that youth, now elated as never before, was ready to start for Greenville, the fine old Indian showed almost a white man's emotion. "Take this to little girl," he said, handing Ray a package, "and tell her

Old Tomah not forget. He hope she come back to see him soon."

"Tell Mr. Fribble I shall be here, waitin' to meet him, when he sends word," Levi said; and shaking hands with both of his good friends, Ray now bade them good-by with many thanks for all they had done.

Of his homeward trip and all the charming anticipations now his, no mention need be made. They are but the flowers wisely strewn in the path of youth, and Ray—now more a man than when he entered the woods—full well deserved all that lay before him.

But Old Tomah's heart was sad, and far away beside a rippled lake was another who felt the same.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Chip's success and popularity in Greenville was practically nullified by Hannah, who from wounded vanity and petty jealousy became her enemy from the outset.

Aunt Comfort did not know it. Angie was not conscious of the facts, or busy with her own social duties and home-making, gave them no thought. And yet, inspired by Hannah's malicious tongue, Greenville looked upon poor Chip as one it was best to avoid.

With Angie as sponsor, she had been made one of the Christmas church decorators, and had been twice invited to parties, only to exasperate Hannah all the more and cause an increase of sneers.

"She's nobody an' an upstart," Hannah said at the first meeting of the village sewing circle after Chip's advent, "an' I've my doubts about her father an' mother ever bein' married. Then she's an infidant an' believes in

would keep on "taking in" homeless waifs and outcast mortals as long as she lived, or house room held out. And it was true.

By mid-winter Martin's new house was all furnished, and social obligations began to interest Angie, which made matters all the worse for Chip, for now Hannah could persecute her with less danger of exposure.

But Chip was hard to persecute. She had known adversity in its worst form. Her life at Tim's Place had been practical slavery, and the worst that Hannah could do was as pin pricks compared to it.

It is certain, also, if Chip had "spunked up," as Hannah would call it, now and then, it would have been better for her; but it wasn't Chip's way. To work and suffer in silence had been her lot at Tim's Place. Angie had said, "You must obey everybody and make friends," and impelled by experience, and this somewhat broad order, Chip was doing her best.

One hope cheered her all that long, hard winter of monotonous study—the return of Ray, and possibly Old Cy, when summer came. Somehow these two had knit themselves into her life as no one else had or could. Then she wondered how Ray would seem to and feel toward her when he came, and if the little bond—a wondrous strong one, as far as her feelings went—would still call him to her side.

It had all been a beacon of hope to her in the uphill road toward the temple of learning; and how hard she had studied, and how patiently she had tried to correct her own speech, not even her teacher guessed.

It is also possible, in fact almost certain, that that unfortunate waif's somewhat pitiful tale had won her teacher's interest and affection as naught else could. Only one reservation was made by Chip—her own feelings toward Ray. All else became an open book to Miss Pinney.

When school was out, the two walked homeward together as far as their ways permitted, and then Chip obtained the one hour of the day which she felt was quite her own. At first, during the autumn days, she had used it for a scamper through the nut-brown woods. When winter came and it was not too cold, she occasionally visited the mill pond above the village, where, if the conditions were right, all

Her plans for meeting her young hero were well considered. She was sure he would, like herself, prefer a seat with Uncle Joe. That important person, whose heart she had won by her admiration of his horses on her arrival, would surely invite her to ride into the village, if he saw her. If he was alone, she would remain hid; but if some one was with him, she would then disclose herself and the coveted invitation and meeting with Ray would follow.

It was mid-April when Chip began her daily watch, and missed no day unless a pelting rain prevented. It was June ere she won her reward, and then one balmy afternoon when she saw the stage afar, there, perched beside Uncle Joe, was a companion!

How sure that weary, waiting waif was that her heart was not mistaken! How her pulses leaped and thrilled as the slow-moving stage crept up the hill; and how Ray, eager to catch the first glimpse of his native village, saw a winsome, smiling face shaded by a flower-decked hat, peeping at him over a wall, was but a minor episode in the lives of these two; yet one to be recalled many, many times afterward and always with a heartache.

None came to them now, for on the instant Ray saw who was waiting for him he halted the stage, and the next moment he was beside his sweetheart. And Uncle Joe, with the wisdom and sympathy of old age, discreetly averted his face, and said "Goin' to his horses, and Grove on alone."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

During all the long weeks while Chip had awaited her lover's coming, one hope had been hers—that his return would end all her loneliness and begin a season of the happy, care-free days like those by the lake once more.

For the first few moments after he kissed her upraised lips, she could not speak for very joy; and then, as hand in hand they started toward the village, her speech came.

"I've been so lonesome," she said simply, "I've counted the days, and come down here to meet you daily, for over a month. I don't like it here, and nobody likes me. I guess, I'm so glad you've come, though. Now I shan't be lonesome no more. I've studied hard, too," she added, with an accent of pride. "I can read and spell words of six syllables. I've ciphered up to decimal fractions, an' begun grammar."

"I'm glad to get home, too," answered Ray, as simply. "It was lonesome in the woods all winter, when we couldn't tend the traps. But I've made a lot of money—most five hundred dollars—all mine, too. How is everybody?" And so they dropped from sentiment into commonplace.

At the tavern he secured his belongings. At the corner where their ways parted, he bade Chip a light good-by, and with an "I'll see you soon," left her.

Her hero had arrived. They had met, kissed as lovers should, and the lonely waiting and watching days were at an end and a new life was to begin for Chip.

Little did she realize what it would mean for her, or how utterly her hopes were to fail.

"He will come to-night," her heart assured her, and that evening, without a word to Aunt Comfort or Hannah as to whom she expected, she arrayed herself in her one best dress and awaited his expected visit.

And what a propitious and all-favoring evening it was! The June night was balmy. Blooming lilacs and syringas half hid, as well as adorned, the porch of Aunt Comfort's home. Aunt Comfort had just departed to make a call, Hannah was away at prayer meeting, and "no one nigh to hinder."

But Chip waited in vain! At school next day her mind and heart were at war. The parts of speech and rules of subtraction and division seemed complete chaos, and when homeward bound, she loitered slowly along, hoping Ray would make amends and meet her on the way. But again he failed to appear.

And that night, when alone with Hannah, a worse blow came.

"I heard young Stetson got back yesterday," she said, fixing her steely blue eyes on Chip, "an' you went down the road to meet him. I should think you'd be 'shamed o' yourself. If you're callatin' on settin' your cap for him, 'twon't do a mite o' good. His aunt wouldn't think o' havin' such an outcast ez you for him—that I can tell ye."

But a word of reply came from poor Chip. Such speeches were not new to her, and she had long before ceased to answer them. But this one, from its very truth, hurt more than all others had, and crushed by it, she stole away out of the house.

No thought that Ray might call came to her. She only wished to escape somewhere, that she might cry away her misery and shame in solitude.

The evening was but a repetition of the previous one. The same sweet influence and silvered light was all about, but no heed of its beauty came to Chip. Instead, she felt herself a shameful thing of no account. Her lover had failed her—now she knew why, and as she sped along the lonely way to the schoolhouse, scarce conscious of her steps, all hope and all joy left her. Why or for what purpose she was hurrying toward this deserted little building, she knew not. Hot tears filled her eyes. Shame surged in her heart. She was a nobody in the eyes of all her world, and once she had reached the worn sill, so often crossed by her, she threw herself upon it and sobbed in utter despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Brains Do Best Work at Night.

Quiet Hours the Proper Time for Intellectual Labor.

Prof. Victor Hallopeau of the Paris Academy of Medicine declares that the best intellectual work can be accomplished between midnight and dawn. "The true secret of long continued, valuable brain work," he says, "is to cut the night in two. The scholar, the inventor, the financier, the literary creator should be asleep every night at ten o'clock, to wake again at night, two to five, in the absolute tranquility of the silent hours, should mean the revealing of new powers, new possibilities, a wealth of ideas un-

dreamed of under the prevailing system. From eight to eight or 8:30 sleep again. Take up again the day's work; the brain will still be saturated with the mental fruits of the night vigil; there will be no effort in putting into practice or carrying further what was planned or begun those few hours before. The habit may be hard to acquire, but mechanical means of waking at first will induce the predisposition."

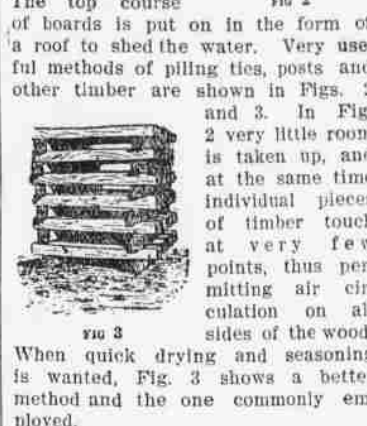
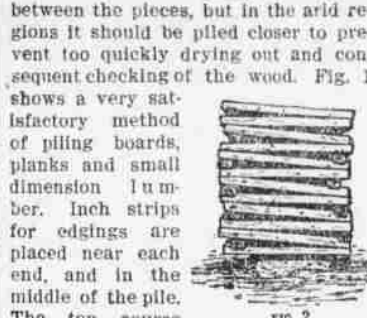
Chance for an Old Joke. A French countess who arrived in New York the other day dresses her dog like herself. This ought to revive the old joke showing the connection between the dog's breath and his attire.



## PILING WOOD TO SEASON.

Various Methods Suggested to Meet Varying Needs.

The climate has much to do with the best method to be employed in piling green wood so that it will season. In the humid sections of the United States, says Farm and Home, it should be piled with plenty of space between the pieces, but in the arid regions it should be piled closer to prevent too quickly drying out and consequent checking of the wood. Fig. 1 shows a very satisfactory method of piling boards, planks and small dimension lumber. Inch strips for edgings are placed near each end, and in the middle of the pile. The top course of boards is put on in the form of a roof to shed the water. Very useful methods of piling ties, posts and other timber are shown in Figs. 2 and 3. In Fig. 2 very little room is taken up, and at the same time individual pieces of timber touch at very few points, thus permitting air circulation on all sides of the wood. When quick drying and seasoning is wanted, Fig. 3 shows a better method and the one commonly employed.



## STABLE MANURE FOR CORN.

It Proves Its Value for One Farmer Who Made Test.

Last spring I found it necessary to put a corn stubble land in corn again. At one end of the field was a plot that had almost failed to grow corn the year before, so I put on a few loads of stable manure and turned it under. Nearly all of the field had an application of superphosphate drilled in with a wheat drill at the rate of 150 to 200 pounds per acre. One corner had stable manure, but no fertilizer, but most of the land where the stable manure was applied also had fertilizer.

Where stable manure and fertilizer were both applied, the corn made an excellent crop, says Farm and Home. Where the stable manure was used alone, the corn was nearly as good as where both manure and fertilizer were applied. Where the commercial fertilizer was used alone the corn grew rapidly during the early season. It made very good stalk, but the leaves turned yellow before the corn reached the roasting ear stage. There was plenty of stover, but little grain where the fertilizer alone was used.

Stable manure seems especially well adapted to the corn crop. It helps to hold moisture and furnishes a regular supply of available plant food throughout the growing season. During the hottest part of the season the nitrifying bacteria working on the manure are most active and most plant food is made available just when the corn plants need it most. Being distributed throughout the soil it helps to render inert plant food in the soil available. It encourages the plants to send out roots in every direction, and to develop a large root system, which helps the corn to withstand a drought, which often injures the crop.

## FEEDING WASTE PRODUCTS.

One Way in Which Live Stock May Be Made to Pay.

Live stock while growing may be made to utilize a great deal of the material of the farm, which might otherwise go to waste. Aside from the value of combining stock-raising with general agriculture, it is well to count profits gained by disposing of all waste matter on the farm as an important item, and much may be turned into fat pork or beef that would otherwise be thrown out as useless. Coarse fodders which are easily and cheaply grown and which fit into any rotation readily, are made profitable by being fed to live stock. While there is practically no market value sufficient to repay efforts in that direction, odd fields which go out of commission early in the season may be profitably planted with such fodder and fed to live stock with a very worthy margin of profit. In every branch of agriculture there is a certain amount of waste which only a small percentage of farmers know how to dispose of. It is especially during the growing period that stock will prosper on such food. Besides the grasses, etc., which may be raised thus, there are many by-products of the same which will go profitably into the feed bin of the sow or steer.

## Get the Fast Walker.

In purchasing a horse that is to be used on the road, it is well to see that it is a fast walker. Enough attention is usually paid to other points, but this one is not so apt to be noticed. It is, however, necessary for a horse to walk a good deal at times, and a fast walker will prove advantageous in covering ground. A quick-stepping team is also an advantage in farm work, especially in hauling to and from the fields.

Sheep. Sheep occupy about the same relative position among the domestic animals as the legumes occupy among the farm crops. They improve the land, and while they may not take nitrogen from the air and deposit it in the soil, they renovate the grass lands and actually leave them in better condition than they found them.

## THE LIVING ROOM.

It Should at All Times Be a "Livable" Room.

What to do with the living room is a problem that confronts every housekeeper. The living room should be in fact as well as in name a living room—a livable room. It is the room in which the most of our time at home is spent, the hours we have for leisure, the time we have for play, the place where we entertain our friends and it is absolutely essential that the walls and furnishings of the living room should be harmonious in color, suitable in texture, and durable in material.

The rich, soft, solid colored walls are the ideal walls for the living rooms. They make a better background for pictures, throw the furniture out in better relief, are less discordant with rugs and carpeting, and indicate a higher degree of taste and culture than do the colored monstrosities which we paste on when we apply wall paper.

Who ever saw roses climbing up a plastered wall growing out of a hard-wood floor? Yet, that is what we suggest to the imagination when we paste paper covered with roses on our walls. They are neither artistic nor true. Roses are all very beautiful, but they were never made to climb up interior walls and they do not grow from hardwood flooring. The set figures of wall paper are also tiresome and equally disagreeable and repellent.

The alabaster wall is the only correct form of a tinted or solid colored wall. Fortunately it is the only clean way, and more fortunately it is the only permanent way; the only way that does not involve the endless labor in the future.

In lighting the walls some thought must be given the color. Light colors reflect 85% of the light thrown upon them. Dark colors reflect but 15%. Lighting bills can be saved by choosing a color which will reflect the largest degree of light. In north rooms use warm colors or colors which reflect light. In south and west rooms sometimes the light can be modified by the use of darker colors. Dark greens absorb the light; light yellows reflect it; browns modify it, and so on, through the scale of colors. The color scheme of a room not only is dependent upon the color of the carpetings but it is also dependent upon the light of the room.

## For Chinese Forest Protection.

The first Chinese school of forestry has just been opened at Mukden. The Chinese empire paid no attention in the past to the destruction of its forests.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Wm. W. Blood, M.D., & Marv.

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Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

True valor is the basis of all—Carlyle.

